

The

Alcester Grammar



M.D.C.

CHRISTUS NOBISCUM STATE.

School Record

July, 1941

Alcester Grammar School Record.

No. 69.

JULY, 1941.

EDITOR—MR. V. V. DRULLER.

COMMITTEE—

M. AUSTIN, J. BRIDGMAN, J. PLESTERS, STEWART.

Notes and News.

The Summer term opened on Wednesday, April 30th.

K. Hemming and E. Henson have been appointed junior prefects.

The Cross Country races were run over the usual courses on Wednesday, March 26th. The winner of the senior event was Smith, and of the junior event Wall.

In the Mile, run on Alcester Heath, Smith was an easy winner.

At the closing assembly last term football colours were presented to Mahoney, Rippington and Lucas, and hockey colours to Joan Taylor.

We wish to acknowledge with gratitude the gift of books for the library from Miss Gardiner.

On Wednesday, April 30th, the Upper Fifth, with Miss Phillips and Mr. Druller, visited Stratford-on Avon to attend a performance of "The Tempest."

During the first fortnight of term, Miss Blackburn took the place of Miss Blackaby, who was ill.

Mr. G. Waite, who, since the beginning of this term, has visited the School on Thursdays to take the boys' physical training, has now joined the R.A.F.

On Tuesday, May 20th, a 'cello recital was given to the Sixth and Upper and Lower Fifth by Miss Stanfield and Miss Barlow.

A lecture in support of Dr. Barnado's Homes was given to Forms IIIa and b, Remove and I, and to members in higher forms on Thursday, May 22nd.

Sports Day was Thursday, May 29th.

Half term and the Whitsuntide holidays were combined and were taken on May 30th, June 2nd and 3rd.

The French oral examinations were held on Tuesday, June 10th.

Congratulations to Mahoney on his success in gaining a Kitchener Scholarship ;

And to Walton who has obtained a County Major Scholarship;

And to Arnold who has been awarded a School Leaving Scholarship.

A large party from Upper IV, with Miss Mason and Mr. Druller attended a performance of "Julius Cæsar" at the Stratford Memorial Theatre on Wednesday, June 18th.

In the final of the Gold Medal tennis tournament, played on Monday, July 7th, M. Crompton beat B. Baylis 6-3, 6-2.

The Oxford examinations began on Thursday, July 3rd.

On Wednesday, July 9th, a party of Lower Fifth, with Miss Blackaby and Mr. Druller attended a matinee performance of "Twelfth Night" at the Stratford Theatre.

The examinations of the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music were held on Tuesday, July 1st, the visiting examiner being Mr. John Ireland.

To cope with the greatly increased demand for hot dinners, a new and larger range has been installed in the kitchen, and two fresh hatches have been built in the wall between the kitchen and the dining room. Rearrangement of the seating in the dining room has been made, and there are now two sittings each day for hot dinners.

Considerable difficulty is being experienced in obtaining supplies of such things as school caps and ties, and our present stocks are fast being exhausted.

Term ends on Friday, July 25th.

The girls' tennis tournament took place on Friday, July 4th.

Speech Day is Thursday, July 17th.

To replace the piano in the Art Room, which has done such good service for twenty years and which is now past its best, a Steinway Concert Grand Piano has been secured for the school.

School Register.

Valete.

Wells, M. D. (VI), 1935-41.	Allsop, A. G. (IIIB), 1941.
Allen, P. (Upp. V), 1939-41.	Morgan, P. R. (IIIB), 1941.
Crump, K. D. (Upp. V), 1941.	Grigg, P. R. (Rem.), 1940-41.
Sutor, J. H. (Low. V), 1936-41.	Bower, C. M. (i), 1941.
Allen, M. (Upp. IV), 1939-41.	Grigg, J. A. (i), 1940-41.
Beard, J. M. (Upp. IV), 1941.	Grigg, M. R. (i), 1940-1941.
Parriss, A. M. (Low. IV), 1940-41.	Grigg, P. A. (i), 1940-41.
Ward, C. N. (Low IV), 1939-41.	Prosser, P. J. S. W. (i), 1941.

Salvete.

Aspinwall, P. M. E. (i).	Heighway, B. M. (i).
Aston, W. J. (i).	Holifield, J. (Rem.).
Beach, C. M. (IIIB).	Horsfield, P. J. (i).
Buller, D. R. Mc C. (i).	Howes, C. M. (Rem.).
Buller, J. E. (Low. V.).	Huins, P. J. (Rem.).
Buller, M. N. (Low. IV).	Larkin, E. M. (i).
Buller, O. F. (i).	Lattue, J. M. (Rem.).
Bunting, M. (i).	Lloyd, J. M. (Rem.).
Cale, G. T. (IIIB).	Mann, B. T. (Low. IV).
Collins, J. (i).	Mole, J. S. (IIIA).
Collins, M. (Rem.).	Parlow, A. J. (i).
Darby, J. J. (i).	Parlow, E. G. D. (Low. IV).
Emery, D. (i).	Paskin, K. (Rem.).
Emms, R. J. (Upp. IV).	Pritchard, A. (i).
Faulkner, M. J. (IIIB).	Purkis, J. B. S. (Upp. IV).
Fell, A. C. (Rem.).	Purkis, P. L. (Low. IV).
Fifield, G. (IIIB).	Skinner, J. (i).
Hampton, E. P. (i).	Tuckey, A. J. (i).
Harris, J. B. (i).	Whitehead, B. M. (IIIB).

There have been 289 pupils in attendance this term.

Old Scholars' Guild News.

PRESIDENT—MR. C. T. L. CATON.

HON. SEC.—S. G. BIDDLE. HON. TREAS.—H. T. HEWLETT.

Despite the growing difficulties which confront our activities, great efforts will continue to be made to tide the Old Scholars Guild over this critical period. The growing demands made upon our members by the armed forces increase the necessity of greater support from those who remain. Food and petrol rationing together with the amount of overtime and night work required in our war industries seriously hamper our social activities and we hope that these difficulties are appreciated. However, it has been possible to hold two further dances, to the music of Sam Wiggett's White Rose Dance Band, both of which were successful, though the extra hour of daylight had the effect of delaying the commencement of the second dance. This, however, was counteracted by extending the closing hour to 2 a.m.

The Summer Reunion will be held on Saturday, July 26th, beginning at 3 p.m. It is hoped that as many as possible will attend and help to make this reunion as big a success as former ones have been, and we extend a particularly warm welcome to those who have become Old Scholars since December. Cricket and Tennis will form the principal attractions of the afternoon and the usual course of events will be pursued during the evening, as nearly as war time conditions will permit.

We would remind Old Scholars that the "Edith Deans Memorial Fund" is still open for subscriptions, and donations should be made either to Mr. Caton or the Secretary.

Edward Perkins has been promoted to Inspector in the London City Constabulary, and appointed personal police officer in attendance on Her Majesty the Queen.

Eileen Wood is a Staff Officer in N.A.A.F.I.

Lance Earp has now been promoted to major in the Royal Engineers.

Stephen Walker has been awarded a rowing blue at Cambridge University.

Rachel E. W. Spencer has obtained 2nd Class Honours in her final examinations for the degrees of M.B., Ch.B.

We hear that Vera Wood has been broadcasting from Singapore on several occasions.

David Baylis has been promoted to Flying Officer in the R.A.F.

Marriages.

On March 15th, at Coventry, G. P. Compton (Staff 1940-41) to Edith Sidwell.

On March 21st at Stratford-on-Avon, Alfred Ernest Bond to Lydia Maud Mary Earp (scholar 1919-32).

On May 11th at Walsall, Charles Edward Blackmore (scholar 1934-35) to Marjorie Joyce Ellis.

On July 7th, at Alcester, Arthur Derrick Barnsdale to Irene Ison (scholar 1929-38).

With the Colours.

Since the publication of the last list, we have been informed that the following are serving in His Majesty's forces.

Staff. G. Waite, R.A.F.

Old Scholars. H. T. Allen, R.A.S.C. R. B. Biddle, R.N. M. W. Butt, R.A. M. Holman, R.A.F. R. M. Midlane, Royal Warwicks. J. G. Walters, R.A.F.

Ants and Fishes.

The following extracts are taken from letters from Flying Officer D. C. Baylis, who writes from Somewhere in the Middle East.

In A—— we have ants innumerable. We have to clear the way before we can settle down to any writing, for the things come out of every crack imaginable, till the floor is quite thick with them. One variety is at least a quarter of an inch long in the body, excluding the long legs fore and aft. They are of the usual shape—two large roundish bits joined by a narrow waist-line—but vary considerably in colour. I have never been bitten by one (for all I know they do not bite), but I can't stand the

things crawling over my feet all the time. As soon, then, as we come into the bungalow, we have a blitzkrieg with "Flit-guns." But no matter how many we kill, there is never a sign of one left in the morning ; for during the night the hordes enter again and carry off the remains of the deceased.

We had ants at S—O—. And very clever creatures I thought them. If a fly was dropped on the floor, they always ran all the way from their hole to it, grabbed a mouthful and trotted back again. Knowing how little they can bite off at a time, I used to marvel at the number of ants and journeys necessary to remove the whole carcass. What miles they must have travelled. I used to pity them and to drop my dead flies as near as I could to their holes to save them from countless long journeys. But since I have met the small black ants of A—, I feel ashamed of these earlier acquaintances.

For we have also small black ants in A—, at whose strength and ingenuity I have been amazed. It takes only six or seven of them to carry away a dead fly, and they believe in saving labour by carrying the fly whole to their home. One day I swatted a large blue-bottle, and put it on the floor and watched. After a time a solitary ant came across it ; and then, almost immediately, thanks to some sort of telepathic intercommunication, this ant was joined by a large crowd of others. With a great deal of fuss they dragged the dead fly into position below their hole, and then began to take it up the wall. They would heave it up a foot, only to slip back nine or ten inches ; but they kept on going till they reached their objective. Then they found that their booty was too large to be taken into their hole. Nothing daunted, they held it at the mouth of the hole, while others nipped off bit after bit of it, and carried it inside. It was not so very long before not a sign of the fly was left outside the hole. You can imagine how proud I feel to be now living in the midst of such intelligent ants.

* * * * *

I have not yet caught that big sea-monster that I've promised myself, but today I caught the funniest thing I've ever seen ; the boat-boy called it a "football fish." It was about eight inches long, and almost cylindrical, of about two to three inches diameter all the way down from head to tail. This was when first landed ; then it literally blew itself up by sucking in air, till its stomach and chest stuck out just like a football, perfectly semi-spherical, and easily six inches in diameter. Its underside was covered with things like the bristles of a rubber scrubbing-brush, when it was blown up. I wish I had had a camera with me, for I am told that these fishes are very rare.

Solitude.

My sanctum is a cool retreat,
Built lightly in a forest glade ;
A mossy carpet for my feet,
Entangled branches overhead.
Here steal the summer hours away,
In sportive toil or serious play.

'Tis compassed with the pleasant sound
Of rustling leaves and buzzing bees,
Of insects humming all around,
And squirrels playing in the trees ;
Whilst far and near the songs are heard
Of many a dear familiar bird.

Need I ought here I do not find ?
Can any need what is not here ?—
To set one dreaning, fill the mind,
The soul lift to a higher sphere—
And that sweet faith makes new and strong
The joy of life when life is young.
CICELY A. STANLEY.

Summer Pursuits.

The arrival of the summer is inevitably accompanied in most houses by frantic searches ; these disrupt even the best organised households. Shouts of "have you seen ?" resound from room to room, until the precious possessions are at last unearthed together with a host of memories of last year's fun ; till at last the flood of remembrance gives way to plans for this year.

Now cinemas lose their attraction for the multitude and recede into the background together with most of the other amusements which have whiled away a winter's evening. Many turn their thoughts to swimming. Hordes of people swoop down upon the rivers and bathing pools. Every stream is thronged by a motley crowd, some looking and others participating in the enjoyment. People in towns seize their chance to migrate to the country, and stations are filled with these individuals, weighed down with paper bags and dragging unwilling children.

Now is the time for those who chorus "The open road" to take out their bicycles and spend long hours in taking them to pieces and still longer ones in trying to put them back together again, while the man next door proffers advice from a safe distance. One might ask on witnessing this toil "Is it worth

it?" The indefatigable cyclist, wiping the perspiration from his brow, replies as he looks proudly on the fruits of his toil, "I should say so."

Now those for whom hiking is the only thing muse upon the beauties of Nature and forget the discomforts endured the previous year; the repose disturbed by the nocturnal wanderings of farmer Giles' cow; the ill-temper of one's companion on the road; and the aching feet consequent upon a long day's walk. But dwell on the picturesque villages which they can visit, and the quaint habits of the rustic villagers, who for their part look with suspicion on "these folk from town."

Now the angler takes out his rods and thinks upon cool brown streams and silver fish and peaceful seclusion; of a certain retreat "far from the madding crowd;" and forgets the disappointments which accompanied his last attempts; the persistent small boy who haunted him making comments all the while; and the mysterious disappearance of his sandwiches, together with the removal of the small boy.

And at last all go off, the swimmer to lie gracefully by the river until the small gnats swarm in an ominous hungry cloud above him, and the tranquil mood is suddenly shattered; the cyclist to mop his brow and think longingly of a deck chair and a novel; the angler to his solitary sport; and I to seek a secluded part of the river where none shall witness my pathetic efforts to swim.

MARY AUSTIN (VI).

Soap Sculpture.

You will probably all know that one of the Art competitions for Sports Day was Soap Sculpture. Some people said, "What a good idea." It was a good idea, but I should now like to show you a less pleasant side of Soap Carving, for the benefit of those of you who elect to have a shot at it for future Sports Days.

When I announced my intentions to the rest of the family I was greeted with cries of "What a dreadful waste of soap." What is more, I was told I should have to buy the required soap myself. Having borrowed a book on this branch of the arts, I started off as instructed with a bar of soap and good intentions. What did I end up with? What should have been a ballet dancer delicately poised on tiptoe, materialised into something very like a battered Aunt Sally.

The crowning event of all was the affair of the sodium silicate. Referring to the book of instructions I discovered that for

joining pieces of soap together sodium silicate solution was needed. This was portrayed in an important-looking bottle. So, without thinking, I picked up a bottle and popped along to the nearest chemist's shop. I thought the gentleman behind the counter looked strangely at me when I put down the bottle on the counter. He said, "Are you sure you've got the right name?" I indignantly affirmed that I had. He laughed and said, "But sodium silicate is waterglass—for preserving eggs, you know. We sell it in tins, sixpence a tin." I hurriedly grabbed the proffered tin, put down sixpence, and fled from the shop, wishing that I could sink through the floor.

Then came the problem of getting the thing to school. The question was whether the school 'bus could accommodate the soap carving, the other passengers and myself. Of course, it had to be a rainy day, and the 'bus crammed full. Pointed remarks were made about people whose luggage took up more than a fair share of space. After dropping my belongings once or twice and slipping down the 'bus steps, arousing little sympathy, but causing a great deal of annoyance, I somehow got to school.

Please don't think I wish to discourage you from taking up this art, but I am giving you a few warnings.

J. PLESTERS (Lower V).

Once Upon a Time.

"Mummy! Mummy!" cried a little boy one warm afternoon, as his mother sat knitting in the garden under the shade of an old apple tree. "Tell me a story, mummy, please. I'm tired of playing." "Come and sit down by me," replied his mother. The child did so and then she began, "Once upon a time . . ." "But! But!" interrupted the little boy, "Why do they always start stories with 'Once upon a time'?" The mother tried to explain the real meaning, but found it very difficult to do so, for she knew the child would not understand; so she began making up as she went along. "Well, a very long, long time ago, people who wrote stories could not think how to commence them, so nearly all began with 'once upon a time.'" By now the little boy had lost all interest in story telling, for he was fast asleep against his mother's knee, no doubt in his baby mind weaving fantastic stories of gardens full of fairies and ogres playing amongst the trees and flowers, once upon a time.

JOAN L. BEACHUS (Lower IV).

The Swing's Song.

I love to give rides to children, free,
Under the shade of the old pear tree;
Backwards and forwards, that is the way
To swing on a nice hot summer's day;
To hear their laughter, to see their fun,
Until at last, when the day is done,
Then I stand motionless, lonely too,
When the grass is cool and damp with dew.

'Neath the silvery moon all night long,
The fountain still is singing its song;
The birds and their young have gone to sleep,
And the moon all night her watch will keep:
But now that the dawn has come again,
The happy birds' songs ring through the glen;
And now at last, here the children come,
Like me, they are thankful for the sun.

NOREEN BULLER (Lower IV)

New Forest Folk.

The middle of March to the close of May is the time for the return of the birds. When the first celandine lights up the meadow we know in a few days the swallow will be skimming over it. The turning up of the brown soil brings the wheatear and the first flowering elm the chiff-chaff. Pink-scaled buds on the beech trees tell us where to look for the willow warbler. During the magic time of spring I came first to the New Forest.

Here are vast woodlands of spreading beeches and gnarled oaks; open spaces of heather and coarse grass where pools rush-fringed and haunted by coots and moorhens glitter in the sun and a drowsy scent of coconut rises from the gorse. Thatch on the half-timbered cottages leans close like eyebrows to the gabled upper windows. The New Forest quickly casts its spell around you.

Wild folk here are shy, except the ponies, who are "stand-offish." But if you are stealthy and lucky you may see a real squirrel count his nuts and then with bushy tail undulate across your path, or a stag with graceful antlers and dainty nose held high to sniff the air, steal across a forest clearing. The ponies are not shy, just elusive. "We and the Forest have been here always. You humans are new comers and intruders in our glades," their brown eyes say as with swishing tails they turn their backs upon any friendly advance. I am told a pony here never moves more than two miles from his birthplace. Perhaps this explains his unmistakable air of ownership.

The first foal, a piebald, seemed to have arrived in the Forest on the day I came. I saw him standing on wobbly legs under an oak. Now there are colts everywhere, skipping about together under the trees.

Sometimes I go among the gipsies. The best known families here are the Lees, the Lovells and the Stanleys. They live in compounds which are parts of the Forest recognised as gipsy territories. Their homes are caravans or more often tumbledown wooden shacks into which I have crept almost on all-fours met by fierce lurchers and hungry out-rushing hens. Pretty ragged children were collecting firewood in the thickets and brown babies sprawled in the dust at the door. Mollie, a gipsy girl of seventeen was here. At Midsummer she is to marry, according to gipsy rites, a young Romany woodcutter who is in government employment in the Forest. Mollie, with other gipsy girls, is also employed by the government in the Forest, clearing up scrub and planting trees. These young gipsies are absolutely loyal. They work too hard to be dissatisfied with one another. They have no subtle mental problems to bring to their married lives.

Here and there the Local Authorities have tried with some success to "clean-up" the gipsies. Pundles Green at Bartley is a new kind of compound. Gipsy families have been transplanted here into neat Council houses. The schoolmaster says that the youngsters are a problem where discipline is concerned, but their quick wits and observant eye are a stimulus to the slow minds of Hampshire village children.

Real gipsies are not fantastic pedlars with no moral scruples and big golden ear-rings. It is four hundred years since they first appeared in England and there are now forty-five thousand of them scattered over the countryside. Several centuries ago they were a persecuted race, so that any distinctive costume labelled them and was nothing less than a death warrant. Gipsies are not fools. They have a saying that "the best hiding place for a ragged man is a field of scarecrows." They find it pays best to dress like all other English country labourers. Their smiles and pleasant glances at strangers spring partly from their foreign origin and probably more because they are intelligent enough to know that in trade like everything else a smile pays better than a frown. Their fortune-telling is not done by magic but by an observant eye and a keen knowledge of human nature.

Some of my Devon gipsy friends are now minesweepers. Lovells and Stanleys from the New Forest are in the Armed Forces. Many of those at home are doing work of national

importance in the Forest. Here in the day there is feverish activity but by night lorry loads of tired families from Southampton camp under the Forest trees, seeking sleep and protection from air raids.

J.L.

On Neck Ties.

For a long time now there has been great rivalry among the boys of the Lower Fifth and upwards as to who can produce the best tie. The coveted position was held for about a month by the magnificent effect of a pea-green tie against an egg-shell blue shirt. And, as I am sure you will all agree, to hold such a title for a whole month is no mean feat. The holder of the title at the moment is displaying a glorious tie knitted in purple silk, said to have belonged to his grandfather ; in point of fact a family heirloom. A deserving recipient of so great an honour.

Those who cannot produce one chef-d'oeuvre concentrate on variety. One member of the Lower Fifth is said to have a different tie for each day of the week. His latest effort is a creation in maroon red with yellow 'splotches.' No other word could possibly describe the daubs which adorn it. The quiet, conventional tie of spots or stripes (usually navy blue) is rapidly going out of favour. In fact, it may be said that "spots and stripes have had their day." Scotch plaids are, on the whole, quite popular, although a yellow plaid has yet to be produced.

Some very creditable efforts have been forthcoming from the Lower School, although they do not, as a whole, show that remarkable genius for colour discord displayed by their seniors. One member of the Upper Fifth threatens to surpass himself in the near future by a tie knitted (by himself) in salmon silk with black blanket stitch adorning the edges.

We are continually told that however far the pendulum swings it will always swing back, so let us hope that in the very near future the neck lines of the boys of A.G.S. will take on a more sedate appearance.

M. GOODALL (Lower V).

Vengeance.

Suddenly I was aware of another presence in the room and I gave a shudder of horror, as I saw my enemy creeping stealthily along by the wall. He advanced slowly, keeping an eye on me for any movement.

I sat quiet, scarcely daring to breathe, lest he should make an attack before I could close with him. Hardly moving, I

looked furtively for a weapon. Could I reach it without his guessing my intention? I bent cautiously to pick it up and at my movement he hesitated. His hesitation was his undoing. I grasped my weapon and gave him a terrific blow. Had I killed him?

Yes, he was done for!!

"No longer will he keep me awake at nights," I said, as I removed the mangled remains of a spider from my slipper.

G. E. HOWES (Lower V)

Sports Day, 1941.

Our annual Sports Day was held on May 29th. The day was preceded by a week of unsettled weather, and on Thursday morning the sky was overcast and a cool breeze was blowing. Fortunately, however, the sun broke through at midday, and the deluge was deferred until the evening.

The races began punctually at two o'clock, and were again keenly contested, the competitors throwing every ounce of energy into the various events. A number of thrilling finishes were witnessed, and the competitors in the slow bicycle race showed unusual skill in manipulating their machines. The Senior high jumping, too, was particularly good and the competition was very keen.

Our thanks are again due to Mr. Hall for the untiring energy and expert organisation of the heats and races. We also thank the stewards and judges for their assistance in awarding and recording points and contributing towards the success of the afternoon.

At the conclusion of the sports programme a gymnastic display was given by the senior girls under the direction of Mrs. Wood.

The cup, shields, etc., were presented this year by Lt. Col. A. Erskine Murray, D.S.O., D.L., secretary of the Warwickshire Cadet Association. The Sports Shield, together with the Arts and Crafts Shield, was won by the Brownies, whose captain, Mahoney also won the Coveted Victor Ludorum Cup with a total of 68 points. After a vote of thanks had been given to Colonel Murray, the proceedings closed with the singing of the School Song and the National Anthem.

The results were as follow :

SENIORS (over 14)

100 yards—1 Mahoney, 2 Stewart, 3 Purkis i, 4 Goode.

220 yards—1 Mahoney, 2 Goode, 3 Sheppard, 4 Stewart.

Half mile—1 Smith, 2 Collett, 3 Rippington, 4 Farquhar.

440 yards—1 Mahoney, 2 Smith, 3 Collett, 4 Arnold ii.
 Hurdles—1 Houghton, 2 Collins, 3 Mahoney, 4 Smith.
 Slow bicycle—1 Harris i, 2 Stewart, 3 Collins, 4 Mahoney.
 Obstacle—1 Hunt i, 2 Houghton, 3 Collett, 4 Arnold ii.
 High jump—1 Mahoney, 2 Sheppard, 3 Collett, 4 Hunt i.
 Cross country (five miles)—1 Smith, 2 Farquhar, 3 Rippington and Emery i (tie).
 The mile—1 Smith, 2 Collett, 3 Sheppard, 4 Sutor.
 Long jump—1 Mahoney, 2 Goode, 3 Collett, 4 Houghton.
 Throwing the Cricket ball—1 Collins, 2 Sheppard, 3 Brand, 4 Emery i.
 Consolation race—1 Collett, 2 Sheppard, 3 Sharp, 4 Bryan.

JUNIORS (12—14)

100 yards—1 Purkis ii, 2 Ore ii, 3 Wall, 4 Toye.
 220 yards—1 Toye, 2 Ore ii, 3 Wall, 4 Pace i.
 Half mile—1 Purkis ii, 2 Clark, 3 Gray ii, 4 Wall.
 Hurdles—1 Wall, 2 Freeling, 3 Pace i, 4 Gray ii.
 Obstacle—1 Ore ii, 2 Chatwin, 3 Howie, 4 Gray ii.
 Slow bicycle—1 Toye, 2 Lucas ii, 3 Howie, 4 Eadie ii.
 High jump—1 Pace i, 2 Wall, 3 Gray ii, 4 Freeling.
 Cross country (3 miles)—1 Wall, 2 McCarthy, 3 Toye, 4 Gray ii.
 Long jump—1 Wall, 2 Hillman, 3 Pace i, 4 Underhill.
 Throwing the cricket ball—1 Toye, 2 Hillman, 3 Freeling, 4 Hancox.
 Consolation race—1 Hale, 2 Mole, 3 Eadie ii, 4 Lucas ii.

JUNIORS (under 12)

100 yards—1 Underhill, 2 Cassell, 3 Gittus, 4 Elmes.
 Egg and Spoon—1 McCarthy, 2 Gardner, 3 Gittus, 4 Horseman
 Sack race—1 Elmes, 2 Underhill, 3 McCarthy, 4 Pace ii.
 Three-legged race—1 Underhill and Dybeck, 2 Pace ii and Haines,
 3 Moizer and Hill, 4 Gittus and Elmes.

OTHER EVENTS

Skipping race (girls)—1 M. Rowland, 2 A. Montgomery, 3. B Hill,
 4 A. Rutter.
 Tug of war—1 Brownies, 2 Tomtits, 3 Jackals
 Relay race—1 Brownies, 2 Tomtits, 3 Jackals.

No actual medals were awarded this year, but the successful athletes received War Savings Stamps equivalent to the value of the Medals, and a certificate showing that they had obtained the necessary points.

The following presentations were made. :

Victor Ludorum Sports Cup. Mahoney (68 points).

Silver Medals. Smith, Wall, Purkis ii, Collett, Sheppard and Toye.

Bronze Medals. Farquhar, Collins, McCarthy, Stewart, Underhill, Clark, Pace i, Goode, Houghton, Gray ii, and Ore ii.

Sports Shield. 1. Brownies (391 points) 2. Tomtits (265 points),
 3. Jackals (257 points).
 R. H. A.

Sports Day Indoors.

War cannot crush the spirit of our arts and crafts workers, as the entries on Sports Day showed. However, rationing of foodstuffs made it impossible to have any cookery competitions. As a result there was not the usual upheaval in the kitchen at home on the previous night or the excitement on the actual day.

Although there were not so many entries, the needlework was of a very high standard and the majority of it was awarded a place. Perhaps the entries most valuable to the development of a community were the very good show of co-operative work which was done. Almost every person of the house did her share to the making and joining of squares for the blankets. These articles were raffled on Sports Day and the proceeds are to be given to some war charity. The patchwork quilt in velvet, made by the Brownies, was given to Alcester Emergency Hospital, where it was much appreciated by the matron and put for use in the Childrens Ward.

As usual there was a good display of posters and other Art entries in the Art Room. In addition to the ordinary entries of posters for Sports Day, the display included the prize-winning posters given in for the competition during Alcester War Weapons Week. Many interesting pieces of handwork, done by the Preparatory Department were also exhibited. Owing perhaps to the difficulty in obtaining dolls to dress, or wood and other materials needed for making models, there were not so many entries of historical dolls and models on show in the History Room this year.

To conform with war-time conditions National Savings Certificates were presented instead of medals. The winners of the Arts and Crafts Shield were the Brownies.

The Trophy was won by M. Crompton.

Silver Medals were presented to :—

Senior—J. Plesters, F. Evans, Jean Reynolds, D. Savage, E. Henson, M. Moizer, A. Aspinwall, D. Villers, O. Davies, K. Wilson, B. Francis, M. Cheffins.

Junior—D. Jones.

Bronze Medals :—

Senior—K. Hemming, S. Careless, M. Goodall, G. Spencer, M. Barker, J. Taylor, E. Smith, Ore i.

Junior—D. Bridgman, N. Devey, Moizer, M. Johnson.
E. A. A.

A Dream.

I saw a large, queer shape at the end of the room, which was moving with slow steps towards me, and my blood began to freeze. I vowed to myself that I would always put a torch under my pillow at night. There were a lot of other things that I reminded myself of; such as to finish my homework before I went out, and to go to bed early.

The shape was still moving towards me, and to my intense horror I saw something white gleaming in its hand. Spurred on by fear to do something I grabbed a pillow and flung it with all my strength at the gruesome shape. I had missed it, for I heard something land with a 'plop' against the wall.

Then the shape spoke, "For goodness sake, stop throwing things about the room. It's half past seven. Sit up and have your cup of tea." It was my mother.

JOAN HORSEMAN (Lower IV)

At a 'Bus Stop.

It is not uncommon in these times to notice a varying number of people clustered round one of those familiar objects which are placed conveniently, and at intervals, along most of our main highways. On market days and other occasions of general activity, these gatherings are immense in every respect, excepting discretion, and regard for neighbours. In days of peace these multitudes were controlled as much as possible by at least one representative of the law. Under present conditions, the law (if any) is expressed in the phrase "Every man for himself," a claim which is freely exercised and needs no enforcement.

Previous to the arrival of the expected vehicle, there is generally from every direction, a large amount of jostling, chattering, pushing, solitary wailings, grumblings and sundry complaints on the deficiency of the 'bus service. On the arrival of the much-awaited conveyance, all these disturbances increase in volume and strength, while the crowd surges forward in one struggling, seething mass towards the narrow entrance of the 'bus. In their intensity of purpose, it is something to be wondered at that the 'bus remains on its four wheels. The conductor assumes a mediaeval character, and like a knight of old he defends the small door to the utmost of his ability. For any person of extreme proportions to be present at such a moment would be disastrous, while those diminutive ones who survive the assault deserve both sympathy and congratulations. The conductor does his best to

stem the advance ; but his efforts are of little avail, and not until the last lucky claimant for a place in the crowded interior is struggling to keep a footing on the top step, does his influence prevail. Ignoring the protestations of the indignant and insistent lady on the lower step, who stubbornly clutches at the hand rail, he tugs viciously at the communication cord. The protesting lady forgoes her hold, but continues to abuse the conductor and 'bus companies in general, while the 'bus moves off. Those who were unsuccessful in their efforts, fall back into the steadily increasing crowd, resigning themselves to further waiting with less patience, but decidedly more resolution.

OLWEN DAVIES (Lower V)

The Village Cricket Match.

The sun poured down on the green of Upper Slowcombe. It was the improvised cricket pitch right in front of 'Ye Olde Dun Cow.' This was the great day. Upper Slowcombe were playing an eleven from a men's club, who came from a neighbouring village called Lower Slowcombe. Everyone turned out to see the match, including the village draper, who had closed his shop specially for the occasion. All the children had turned up in their new summer frocks to watch their fathers and even grandfathers play for the village.

Bill Jones, keeper of the 'Dun Cow,' was doing a roaring trade. The oldest inhabitants were out in front of the 'local' with their pewter mugs, including 'Old Garge,' who was ninety-four. Upper Slowcombe won the toss and went in to bat first. They got on very well, with their team consisting of the blacksmith, who was a hefty man, weighing at least fifteen stone ; the village postman, who was a thin, weedy man with walrus whiskers, through which he whistled when he spoke ; and a neighbouring farmer, who was very short and had a fat round smiling face. The village blacksmith and the postman went in first, using the 'Dun Cow' as their point of jumping off ; the village smith used the bed of stinging nettles at the bottom of the field and made six runs. Then the postman hit the ball straight over the wall into the vicar's garden and made ten. The audience in front of the 'Dun Cow' were delighted and all promptly ordered more glasses of ale. After these highlights, both the blacksmith and the postman were bowled out by a youth in a strawberry coloured silk jumper who suddenly appeared to take the situation in hand. This left Upper Slowcombe with sixteen runs. Next came the little farmer ;

he gave one or two short cuts and made three runs, but eventually he was caught out by a member of the opposite team. The ploughboys made the score up to twenty eight and then the side was out.

Both teams then adjourned to the 'Dun Cow,' for a siesta, supplemented by good advice from Old Garge, who was enjoying his sixth tankard of ale. Then the game was resumed; this time the postman started by bowling some slow balls to the captain of the other team. These were returned with vigour, one on to the road, the other into long grass which the tub-like farmer retrieved after long searching and one, (once more) into the vicar's domain. The next man then walked over to the pitch and they compiled ten runs, making nineteen in all. But the last man was a hard nut to crack; the postman kept on bowling, but the old man kept on returning them and getting one more run each time. The postman motioned to the blacksmith to come and bowl, saying, 'Gorm on, Elias, and doo' un in.' The blacksmith rubbed his hands together and disappeared over the rise of the cricket pitch, squeezing the ball between his massive hands. Then, turning, he took great thundering steps and up came the ball over the rising ground and down went the wickets. Did the people at the 'Olde Dun Cow' cheer? Old Garge could not sit still—he had to have just one more tankard of ale.

MARGARET CHEFFINS (Upper V).

A Topical Tale.

It happened on a calm, clear night,
When Fritz in his Heinkel hove in sight,
A factory below him lay,
And this to his comrades he did say:
"Heil Hitler! our target we have reached,"
When over their heads an A.A. shell screeched.
Standing below by the side of his gun
Was Lancashire Joe, who said, "Now fight's begun.
"We'll fetch down that Heinkel, bah gum, that we will,"
As his gun with shells he began to refill.
Meanwhile up above, Fritz was circling around
And then to his horror no bombs could be found;
They'd left them behind at the aerodrome,
So without more ado they just turned for home.
Joe, at his post, gave a groan as they went,
And said to himself "What a disappointment!"
As Fritz in his Heinkel speedily fled,
The 'all clear' blew; so Joe went to bed.

JEAN BRIDGMAN (Upper V)

The Sixth Form—(continued).

It is with great hesitation that I write this second and final instalment of some of the glorious events which are treasured most in the annals of the Sixth. My hesitation is due, not, as some might think, to the revelation of my own personal misgivings, but to the facetious sarcasm prevalent among many Sixth Form cynics.

As many readers know, a cupboard is a device which enables articles to be stored, while hidden from view until required, and also produces a general effect of tidiness. That is what it is anywhere else, except in the Sixth Form—so we have been told—and now that our wanderings have led us firstly to the Science Library, and finally to the Upper Landing, the point has been even more firmly (if not kindly) pressed home. Any human being possessing a knowledge of what is commonly called logic, would realise that, if one intends to use certain books regularly, it is idiotic to keep putting them in and taking them out of the cupboard. It is such a waste of time and energy, not to mention unnecessary arguments caused among four people, all endeavouring to get to the cupboard at the same time. Unfortunately this opinion has not been shared by everyone, and it is due to this short-sightedness displayed by certain people that the Sixth Form plus cupboard resumed its travels.

Everyone generally keeps things of value or particular interest at home. Not so one Sixth Former, who needs must bring to school one morning a large voluminous suitcase, the contents of which were severely subjected to varied, if not rude, speculative criticism. The owner did not deign to reveal the contents of the case, and this only provoked more agitation among the now highly imaginative crowd, and the fact that it was transported from class to class, and never once left the owner's side did not help to decrease the interest. It was noticed, as the day wore on, that long queues appeared, endeavouring to catch a glimpse of the phenomenon, and quite a considerable number thought that either the owner was suffering from acute mental deficiency or that the family silver was having a day out.

Boating is a pleasant pastime ; so is hiking, but boating and hiking together are not. If you don't believe me, ask certain nine mariners, especially the one who thought his cap wanted washing. It is quite interesting and instructive to watch a punt progress from bank to bank and finally attempt to ram a motor launch. Incidentally, talking about knocking dents in the river bank reminds me of smashing in the wings of a

car, and taking chunks out of a cello'. This type of punting however certainly does inspire those who consider themselves less familiar with this ancient art.

The Sixth Form is in a strange place at the moment. We have been evacuated only five times since last November, and the monotony is rather depressing. The fact of the matter is, that nobody wants us, and obviously does not intend to have us. We are now in common territory, a sort of No Man's Land, and are subjected to abuse and ridicule from all passers-by. We possess a very nice cupboard on the landing. What better place could be found? We are willing to part with it however—at a price, and I beg the Editor's permission to insert the following :—

TO LET, Sixth Form Landing, limited accommodation;
standing room only; excellent ventilation; aspect
terrible; five seconds Hist. Rm; one minute Labs.
For further particulars apply Lu-Lu, Lu-Lu and Lu-
Lu, C/o Sixth Form.

When one lands in the Sixth Form the usual impression gained is what a glorious life it will be. It is only when the last day arrives that one realises that life is about to begin. Troubles will come, believe me, and generally they stay quite a long time, but if ever you find yourselves in difficulties, step right up to our Brains Trust, who will tell you all that you know already. It is pleasant to think on such things as these however, but before I leave you—somebody has to win the war—I must tell you about the Sixth Form ostriches— or did I ?.

ANON.

In The Distance.

In the distance far away
Where the sunbeams are at play,
I can hear the cuckoo calling,
And I can see the lark a-soaring.

In the distance over the hills,
I see the woods in their new frills,
Of a very rich dark green;
It really is a pleasant scene.

In the distance in the glen,
I see the fields dancing again;
And hear them say what a gay young fellow,
Is the buttercup in his dress of yellow.

NOREEN NASH (Upper IV)

Olla Podrida.

We are informed by D. S. that "the war had been elongated for several years."

Alterum genus est equitum means (according to A. O.) 'the height of the race is equal.'

A member of the Upper Fourth wishes to obtain a copy of the school song "Forty Days and Forty Nights."

Cerberus, says M. C., had ten legs.

Which of our pairs of twins were told that they ought to have been born triplets?

From acroplanes of the last war, says D. W. S., there was no bailing-out.

Perfectum regium dentes eburneos sustulisse is translated by E. A. A. 'the commander carried away the kings' ivory teeth.'

Our Fight for Freedom.

This land, that from her earliest days
Loved peace and liberty,
Is fighting now, 'midst well-earned praise,
To set wronged peoples free.

And all, as one, now play their part,
As eager as can be;
England shall stay, as from the start
The island of the free.

The men who guard her coast at night,
From raiders out at sea,
Are working hard, with all their might,
To keep this island free.

Those men in khaki and in blue,
As all can plainly see,
Will fight for right, as all should do,
To keep their loved ones free.

And when we all have nought to fear,
How happy we shall be,
After we've heard the last 'all clear,'
And all the world is free.

LILIAN GARNER (Upper V)

Fifth Columnists.

Joan and Mary were out for a walk along the sea shore. They always enjoyed the walks they had together. As they rounded a corner they heard a sound of many people talking. It appeared to come from a cave almost opposite them.

"What's that?" inquired Joan in alarm.

"Oh nothing," was the reassuring reply.

"I'm going to look inside that cave," announced Joan bravely.

The two girls crept cautiously up to the cave and peeped inside. What they saw was a curious sight. Three men stood round a table. It was rather dark in the cave and almost impossible to see inside. What they could gather was that all the men had beards and they seemed to be very richly dressed. They spoke a foreign language which Joan recognised as German, (which she learnt.) On the table were three large boxes. One of the men said something, took a rifle out of the box and pointed to the sea. The others shook their heads. That was enough for the girls. They drew back. "You go and tell a policeman," whispered Mary.

"But I can't leave you here alone," protested Joan.

"Yes, you can and you must," ordered Mary.

"Oh, all right," Joan gave in.

She ran as fast as she could in the direction of the police station and soon returned with six policemen.

It turned out that the men were fifth columnists who were smuggling rifles. They were arrested and nine others were also taken prisoners. Joan and Mary were rewarded generously.

WINNIE METCALF (Lower IV).

A Sad Story.

The leaves on the trees are all yellow and dead,
As the galloping horse throws up his proud head,
His master and he are off for a spree,
As the yellow leaves turn on the tree.

The leaves on the tree have turned to green,
But the horse and his master have ne'er been seen,
Summer is come and summer is gone;
The father is mourning for horse and for son.

JOAN WELLS (Upper IV)

A Lucky Find.

The Dawson family were seated at breakfast, Mr. and Mrs. Dawson on one side of the table, Jack and Dora on the other. They were all discussing the startling news which they had just heard. Lady Summerville, who lived near the Dawsons, had been robbed of her diamond necklace and bracelet the night before. Dora and Jack became very interested when they heard their mother say that the robber might be living in the neighbourhood.

After breakfast Jack said to Dora, "Let's go to the woods and play hide and seek." So Dora agreed, and off they went. They had not been there for very long, when they heard the gamekeeper coming. As the woods were private property and people were not supposed to go into them, Jack and Dora hid in a hollow tree, which was a favourite hiding place of theirs. The gamekeeper was evidently with someone, for as he went by the tree, they heard him say, "Well, that's settled, then: to-night at twelve o'clock, and when we've collected the jewels we'll get away in my car." Then they moved on. The two children looked at one another; they knew very well what this meant. But where were the jewels that these men were going to collect? As Dora stood up in the tree, her foot struck against a box, and picking it up, she opened it, and inside saw the jewels. She showed them to her brother, who instantly said, "Come on, we must tell Mother and Dad." They went straight home and told their parents everything.

That night, when the men arrived to collect the jewels, they found somebody else there too—the police. Later Jack and Dora went to tea with Lady Summerville, and to their delight they were given a pound-note each. As Dora said afterwards it had only been a lucky find.

NORMA DEVEY (Lower IV)

Honey Without Money.

One day our farmer friend came up to see us, and asked us if we knew anything about bees, because a swarm had built a nest in a hedge in one of his fields, and he wanted to know if there would be any honey there. We told him that we did not know anything about them, but that we had a friend who kept bees, and that we would ask her advice.

When we asked her the next day, she stated that it was very unlikely that there would be any honey there now, as the bees would have had to build a lot of comb and it was getting late

in the season. This information was duly transmitted to our farmer friend. He then told us that we could have the bees if we could take them. We again sought the advice of our friend.

The next time we went down there, we found the combs had been broken down. We afterwards learned that the farmer had thrown a stick at it, thinking that there would be some honey there. His reward was a sting. So later that evening, with the help of our friend we placed a brood-chamber over them and left them overnight. Early next morning we found that nearly all the bees had gone up into the chamber; so, placing a board under them, we carried them up to the house. We left them there until our friend came up in the middle of the morning. When she did come up, she opened up the bottom of the hive, thinking that they would stay in, as they had stores inside. But soon the air was full of bees flying round and round. At last they settled on a branch of a nearby tree. After several unsuccessful attempts to shake them down, we had to cut off the branch. We then drove them up into the chamber again. After that they settled down and thrived.

SHARP (UpperIV)

National Savings.

During the present term a War Weapons Week was held in the district and the members of the school group took an active part in it. The total subscribed was £400, of which the girls lent £300. This brings the grand total of the group to £1,000 since it was formed in January 1940. While these figures are very gratifying, it is felt that they could easily be doubled during the present financial year.

The following members obtained prizes in the Schools Poster Competition: N. Devey, Jean Reynolds, G. Beachus, Baylis ii, A. McKewan and G. Spencer. J. Reynolds and G. Beachus are to be congratulated on having their posters selected by the National Savings representative for further exhibition in London.

All members are reminded that National Savings are received at the following times:—Girls—Wednesday. Boys—Tuesday and Friday, both at 1-30 p.m.

The School Shields.

The Sports Shield was first awarded in 1913. It has been won as follows :—

Brownies (8 times): 1913, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1925, 1938, 1939, 1941.

Jackals (10 times): 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1923, 1924, 1927, 1928, 1929, 1937.

Tomtits (11 times): 1918, 1919, 1926, 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1940.

The Arts and Crafts Shield was first awarded in 1916. It has been won as follows :—

Brownies (11 times): 1916, 1917, 1918, 1920, 1921, 1923, 1925, 1929, 1938, 1939, 1941.

Jackals (5 times): 1930, 1935, 1936, 1937, 1940.

Tomtits (10 times): 1919, 1922, 1924, 1926, 1927, 1928, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934.

Both shields have been won in the same year by :—

Brownies (6 times): 1920, 1921, 1925, 1938, 1939, 1941.

Jackals (once): 1937.

Tomtits (6 times): 1919, 1926, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934.

Scouts.

Scoutmaster—Mr. E. S. Walker.

This term activities in the troop have been fully maintained. Ambulance tests have been made and the majority of scouts have shown themselves thoroughly efficient in this respect. On the occasion of Alcester War Weapons Week, the drums of the troop were played in the procession by the three senior scouts. The cup for the leading patrol has, this year, been won by the Panthers with a total of 811 points. The Chief Scout—Lord Somers—is visiting Alcester on Sunday, July 20th, when he will inspect the Troop.

W. J. M.

Cadet Corps.

During the Easter holidays two route marches were thoroughly enjoyed by the Cadets who took part. Since the opening of the Summer term regular parades have been held and the Corps has had constant practice in arms and Squad drill. It has not yet been possible to construct a rifle range, but all the cadets have practised shooting with an air-gun, under the direction of Mr. Compton, who has also given a lecture on the correct method of firing the rifle. It is hoped that towards the end of

the term an inter-section shooting competition will be held. The Corps has now been officially affiliated to the Home Guard, and the Cadets are working steadily to become efficient.

R. H. A.

Cricket.

Captain—Walton.

Almost the whole of last season's cricket team have left, and thus at the beginning of this term we were faced with the problem of choosing another, consisting mostly of inexperienced players. Furthermore, our first match was very near the beginning of term and was played against our strongest opponents with the anticipated result. Consequently it is not surprising that our first efforts were not very fruitful, for we had not the time to settle down until later.

It was not until recently that we showed much improvement. Even so, we have won only two matches up to the present, but some of our losses have been by very narrow margins indeed.

RESULTS :—

	For	Against
A.G.S. v. Redditch C.H.S. (home), Lost	76	201-2
Bromsgrove C.H.S. (away), Lost	53	65
Exhall and Wixford (home), Drawn,	46-7	118
Coventry G. S. (home), Lost,	56	63
Stratford K.E.S. (away), Lost,	42	95
Evesham P.E.G.S. (home), Won,	98	57
Felixstowe C.H.S. (away), Lost,	45	49
Stratford K.E.S. (home), Lost,	51	53
Great Alne C.C. (away), Lost,	73	121
Kings Norton S.S. (home), Lost,	78	85
Coventry G.S. (home), Won,	68	40
		R. J. W.

Tennis Results.

Captain—M. Crompton.

The following have represented the school during the season :—
M. Crompton, M. Cheffins, P. Cresswell, B. Baylis, M. Barker, F. Evans, D. Villers, S. Careless.

The season opened most successfully for the tennis team, thanks to Miss Phillips's coaching. Enthusiasm was not the least factor contributing towards our success. The Gold Medal tournament will be played later in the term. The results of fixtures played are as follows :—

A.G.S. v Evesham P.H.G.S., (home), Won,	70 games to 29
Croft School, (home), Won,	53 46
Bromsgrove C.H.S., (home), Won,	53 46
Redditch C.H.S., (home). Won,	62 37

M. C.

Football, 1940-41.

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Goals	
				For	Against
15	5	8	2	33	49

Hockey, 1940—41.

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Goals	
				For	Against
8	3	3	2	19	29

For the Juniors.

The Crash,

One afternoon my friend and I were going for a walk in the fields. While we were in a great big field, a trainer 'plane was doing acrobatics in the sky, but once when he went up into the sky he switched his engine off, turned into a spin, meaning to go back up, but instead he crashed into an elm tree.

When he had got out we ran over to him and asked him if he was all right and he said, "Yes."

He asked us if there was a telephone around here and we told him there was one in the village. So he went over and phoned up and in another half hour some soldiers were there, and in another week the aeroplane had gone.

GEOFFREY HILL (Remove)

Kings and Queens.

The kings and queens of England
Used to sit upon their thrones;
While the poor went cold and hungry,
And were pushed in cells to groan.

Our king and queen of England
Don't sit upon their thrones,
But go about soothing people
In their bombed and shattered homes.

BRENDA HILL (Remove)

Autobiography of a Cat.

I am a black and white cat. I live in a house with my mistress. Each day for breakfast I have a saucer of milk. I sleep in a chair when I am feeling sleepy. Sometimes when my mistress goes out, she puts me outside in the garden and after a time I climb up on to the roof and get through the bedroom

window. If the door isn't open so that I can get into the kitchen, I go to sleep on my mistress's bed. The other day I had a little kitten ; she is black and white like myself. She is just a week old and is just beginning to open her eyes. My mistress is just going out, so if she puts me out in the garden, I shall go back through the bedroom window.

HILDA MALIN (Remove).

An Evening's Fishing.

On the night of June 16 a friend came down to our farm to fish with me. It was actually the first day of the fishing season.

He only knew the way to Bidford, so I arranged to meet him, and when we got back, we put our rods together, and went down the orchard, and started fishing. We fished off a big tree trunk, and when we had been there about five minutes, I pulled out a small perch. My friend then pulled out another small perch, and after a while he pulled a large perch out.

So we stopped there a bit longer, and at last we decided to go somewhere else. So I threw my line in and a large perch soon got after the worm. I pulled it out and another one after. Then we got into the punt and went on to an osier bed, and we found a nettle creeper's nest, and looked in a wild duck's nest and found that the eggs had hatched and gone. Then we thought it was time to go.

ALFRED HILL (Remove)

My Navy.

I have got a toy Navy. It has got the model of H.M.S. Hood and H.M.S. Nelson. The Nelson has nine big guns, and twelve smaller guns. The Hood has eight big guns, and ten smaller guns. I have got H.M.S. York and H.M.S. Delhi, which are cruisers.

D. HUNT, aged 8 (Form II)

The Lost Bunny.

One evening little Bunny said, "I'm going to get some Lettuce for Mummy." So off he went ! He got all he could carry. But he forgot his way back. He met wise Owl and said "Could you lead me home ?"

"Where do you live?"

"I live at Bill's Hill." When Bunny got home it was six o'clock. He had his tea and went to bed.

W. HITCHINGS, aged 7 (Form I)